THE EMERALD.

(NEW ESTABLISHMENT.)

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ORIGINAL.

THE WANDERER.

No. 113.

"*Manners, blame not us.*"

PERIODICAL writers have been thought peculiarly to influence Manners. The Wanderer, however, is not at all apprehensive, that this sin will be laid to his charge. To impute to his influence any portion of the living manners of society, would indeed be to load him with guilt, to the weight of which, the seven deadly sins upon record, were but dust in the balance. Happily for him, the *heedlessness of the times* prevents responsibilities thus awful. In vain may writers inveigh, and in vain the moralist denounce. Men still adhere to their own notions of propriety, still consult exclusively the oracle within, however perverted or however depraved, even while its responses are so undecisive and equivocal, as they find difficult themselves to understand. It is to no purpose to remark that good breeding exacts each individual in company to be addressed on the topic, in which it is probable he feels most interested. The harassed foreigner is still hunted from circle to circle with the hue and cry of domestic politics. Of little service can it be to observe, that christianity completes the gentleman's character, that laxity of conversation is not yet become an honor to the scholar, and can hardly find place even among the factitious laurels of the man of honor. Our first characters in polished life, our men of letters and lawyers, our legislators and statesmen will still think profanity constitutes politeness, and adhere as *sacredly* to the practice, as if *oaths were morality, and swearing was religion.* We may laugh at the follies of this man; but the right of folly is placed by no writer on natural law, among the imperfect rights of man. We find it at least among his *unalienable* rights; and should we pursue the ridicule far, its perfection might be evinced by being *enforced* to our cost. Folly with his cap and bells, is the only crowned head republicans worship. We are obliged to bow to his majesty, wherever we meet him, hardly daring to mutter, as we pass, "Manners, blame not us."

The vices and whims of the time are beyond our controul. Σκηνὴ πᾶς ὁ βίος. Men are *determined* to be vicious; and as for the *whimsical*, they are too light to be caught.

On this subject the Wanderer can dilate, not as a *mere* "*scribe*," a vile literary drudge; but as "*one having experience.*" What could have tempted him for years to these periodical peregrinations, but the hope, however vain, yet laudable, that a series of efforts, humble enough each in itself, might

from their aggregate weight, have some little tendency to make men wiser and better? If he has ever assumed the fasces of authority, it has been to arm himself with a scourge for the use of satire. This he has never applied rashly or wantonly, wishing its force to be felt, but not to be fatal. His object has been to shame so far as to make sensible of the vice or the folly, but not to disgrace. It has been to reform by producing conviction of the dishonoring and blasting nature and tendency of the habit attacked, but not to plunge still deeper in depravity, by kindling into flame the combustible passions. His aim has been to imitate the spirit, that chastens in love. From the nature of his duty, he has been indeed obliged to *strike, but hide the hand.* Yet has he never abused the immunities of concealment for the purposes of personal outrage. *No* "*rascal,*" does he attempt to "lash naked through the world," but decently attiring him in some fictitious appellation,

Hangs him on high, a lesson to mankind.

This system of conduct may have failed of effect, as doubtless it has. Though the *young man, who figured in one of our numbers* as an instance of *business* STYLE,* may have laid aside his short coat and his whip, he still adheres to his bustling importance. This may have become necessary to saving his credit. Independence has so long been to him an inexhaustible fund, constantly carried about with his person, that were he now to appear decently modest, people on 'change would cry out *quite chop-fallen!* and be ready to a man to swear, the creature *had failed.* The rod of ridicule has not yet driven egotism from the heart of FLORESCO,* but he is still unmindful when wit scintillates from his brain, that it is only the wine that sparkles in his head. The followers of *intemperance* and hypocrisy, though their discipline can hardly be very exact, still *hang together* and keep their *ranks whole.* †LIGHTAIRS too, still delights in his own foppery and beauty. He has even grafted new graces on the original stock, that the whole may grow and flourish together in all the pride of variegated foliage, and the glory of fragrance, scenting the air with odours, essences, and perfumes, till "their united virtue" *nauseates* "the sense." Even ‡BRONZAGO is yet seen behind the counter with impudence, *unshorn of its beams*, and to §STENTOR in vain the cry, "*one more, once more, let him roar, let him roar.*" This character, nothing can silence. The embarrassing rencounter between ‖NANCY NETTLETOP, and Mr. PALLID has not discouraged our daring belles from *beaver and broadcloth.* Even the *russet boots* themselves have appeared. The hazle *stickees* and a *fair cane* seem reserved for times, when *War* will be *civil*, and drop his weapons at the feet of the ladies. Fair ¶AMORET has gone to extend her conquests under softer suns. Yes, sighs a luckless swain,

She that can "smile, and murder while she smiles!"

Spite of all he can do, the Wanderer can infuse "*no new portion of life*" into †ALPHONSO's constitution. ‡Mrs. SPLENETIVE will still love physic, and Dick Doubtful remain indecisive. §Col. FRIPPERY will not

* See Wanderer, No. 23.

* See Wanderer 31. † See Wanderer 27.
‡§ See Wanderer 39. ‖ See Wands. 57.59.
* See Wand. 42. † See Wand. 39.
‡ See Wand. 70. § See Wand. 100.
¶ See Wand. 105.

soon be again upon parade, after his martial appearance in field here; nor has the gallant officer ever since been even seen in regimentals.

This motley groupe, one and all, spite of our good-natured efforts to the contrary, are their "own makers of manners." Without any disparagement, we cannot forbear apostrophising the works of their hands, "*Manners, blame not us!*"

The difficulties a periodical writer has to encounter, are neither few nor small. He must "shoot folly as it flies;" and it is no easy matter to hit a bird upon the wing. He must "catch the living manners as they rise," and divert them in their ascent. He must break up the trenches of absurdity, and destroy the fortifications of vice. These *are the marks of the prize of his high calling*. He should struggle to obtain them with manly exertion. If he fail, and men claim the immunities of wrong, still hug the prerogative of whim, and the privilege of caprice, he must yield to a current he can no longer resist, but has a right to exclaim to its billows, as they break over his head, "*Manners, blame not me!*"

FOR THE EMERALD.

Thy school, *O misery!*
And our only *lesson* is *to learn to suffer.*

THE whole creation is a mystery; not less so is man. The organic actions of life are constantly fluctuating. The balance alternately trembles and is poised. We pass from health to disease, from fear to hope, from joy to sorrow, from smiles to misery, till at length the pendulum stops, and we sink forgotten in the tomb

"Omnia luctando vincunt, cedunique vicissim,
"At sedet omnipotens, nutanti immotus Olympo."

Man is naturally beneficent, while in the enjoyment of his vital functions, the blood flows freely from the centre to the surface, his fibres vibrate in equal unison to the influence of heat, that great agent of sensation, sentiment, and thought, his heart yields to the soft impressions of beauty, sensibility is aroused in the display of the munificence of nature, and he feels himself a portion of that vast chain to which he is bound by social, political, and moral obligation.

This state of happiness is but transitory. The physical evils to which, with the rest of beings, we are subjected, haunt us in every motion, and accompany us in every desire. Our first and our last instructor is grief. We come crying into this world; we leave it with a groan. We cease, however, to feel pain, in proportion as we are necessitated to bear it; so strange, says Shakespeare, is the art of our necessities. Poverty, for example, is not in itself to be dreaded, is not a misfortune; it is only so in relation to its effect on individuals, as regards their taste, character, and education. Man is the creature of habit; his wants, for the most part, are artificial and superfluous, but by use they grow into second nature, and their supply becomes essential to his ideal happiness. Hence misery, whose origin is to be traced up to simple, physical pain, is multiplied into a vast species of mental wretchedness. Enter polished society, see there how poverty is regarded. It is a crime, not a misfortune; an object of curiosity, not a subject of charity. The apparel proclaims the man; his vices disappear, his iniquities vanish, when touched with the magic wand of wealth. How bear such misery? Retire and live frugally, seek peace in simplicity, and truth in Deity. Recollect, poverty not unfrequently exalts the merit that it covers; that riches do not constitute virtue; that honor, bright honor, is the good man's shield. Remember Nature is true to herself.

"Pigmies are pigmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps,
"And pyramids are pyramids in vales."

The pusillanimous Roman Emperor

could crouch and sink to the very privy of his palace at the threatening of his dissolution; but the intrepid soul of a Socrates, in the cell of his dungeon, surrounded by his few surviving friends, could smile complacent on the base ingratitude of his countrymen, and drink to its dregs the chalice of his misery.

Does misfortune consist in privation? One man is ambitious of power, another of riches, another of office —The effect is the same, equal poverty in all. Absolute poverty can exist only in a state of starvation; a situation which can scarcely be said to exist in a civilized society. Sudden contrast of situation, is what constitutes real misfortune, whether mental or corporeal. To the lowly born and bred, a depression of circumstances is easily supported. But when we are suddenly precipitated from an elevated station, to which we have been justly raised, to associate in such circumstances content with bare subsistence, is the result of a firmness and decision of character which ennobles the possessor, and appals the world, whose compassion, alas! is seldom bestowed unaccompanied with the selfishness of pride, and the hauteur of superiority. The Deity has therefore wisely ordained that physical evil should instruct us how to be happy, by teaching us how to suffer. Let us improve the moral, and like the Saviour of mankind, secure in the intrepid virtue of integrity, disarm malice of its sting, envy of its grasp, and poverty of its seeming wretchedness; remembering that blessed are the poor, for they shall inherit peace.

THE DRAMA.
No. 11.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ADRIAN AND ORRILA.

Monday evening, January 18th.

"Each dramatic bard
Solicits *but in vain* a long regard;
Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away."

THE claims of Mr. Dimond to permanent renown, whether we consider them in relation to the plays he has already produced, or even to his own opinions respecting them, can plausibly be disputed. He modestly avows himself, fearful of being judged by those who are most capable of estimating his performances; and unwilling to have them tested by their intrinsic merits, as resulting from critical enquiry and analysis, he takes leave to *plead* by the opinions of *men*, to plead with women for favour and support. Let us hear Mr. Dimond himself.

"Protection from the fair at once convey
Ample renown, *consolidated* praise,
For truth acknowledges in nature's name
The SMILES of *beauty* are the WREATHS of *fame.*"

Since our author must be contented under any censure, however severe, provided he obtain the protection of the fair he so poetically invites, we shall feel a happiness on that account, which otherwise we should not have experienced; and while we are passing our strictures on his play of "Adrian and Orrila," we shall not be detered from critical severity, when we consider how fully he has succeeded in the principal object of his solicitude. From the romantic structure of the story, the redundant fancy of the dialogue, and the infantine sensibility which overspreads the incidents and moral, we know of no play better calculated to unite the *sex* in one general expression of approbation.—Leaving to Mr. Dimond, therefore all the satisfaction, which a source of praise thus deep, clear and beautiful, is capable of communicating, we shall proceed to the examination of his production.

To say that the play of "Adrian and Orilla" does not evidence much genius in the author, would not be doing him justice; but to say that the play itself does not contain numerous defects, would not do justice to our own opinions. Though in some figures of a picture, we can perceive the exquisite touches of a master we cannot, therefore, praise it as a whole if the scenery is incongruous and forced and other dispositions of the painter are out of nature, or ineffectual.

Mr. Dimond is in love with the German drama; and has frequently adopted *hints* from Schiller, Kotzebue and Lewis (an Anglo-German dramatist) without combining in the application of their ideas the dignity which exalts Schiller, the pathos which distinguishes Kotzebue, or the glow

ing imagination which animates Lewis. His merit lies principally in his descriptions, which *are often beautifully poetical*; but when he aims at sublimity, he is apt to lose himself in declamation, and where he attempts wit, his allusions are neither acute nor evident. He is deficient in characteristic dialogue, and does not mark very evidently why his observations should apply to one character, more than to another.

Were we sedulous to cavil, we could point out upwards of a hundred direct plagiarisms in this play, of plot incident and expression, from authors like Kotzebue, Schiller, Shakespeare, Lewis, Young and Dryden. It is sufficient to remark, that Agatha, in Lovers' Vows, and Madame Clermont, are parallel characters; Adrian, Orillia and Githa, are presumptively borrowed from "*The Young Count of Burgandy*," with some intermixture of "Frederick Friburg" and "Amelia Wilderhain" in the young people. We have hundreds of such parts as Altenburg and Rosenheim, and the expressions which they utter, have been uttered before, in many other plays

The author however has, like Tobin, contrived by his ingenuity of combining borrowed with native materials, to render his play highly interesting; the story is affecting, and the conduct dramatic.

He has all the ridiculous minuteness of German description, as to stage-business, which in our opinion, is evident weakness of mind. If a character is to pass a door way, our author will tell the performer "to open" it before it can be done.

Enter Altenburg to Madame Clermont. [The prince bows on his entrance respectfully to Madam, *whose tottering limbs with difficulty return the compliment!*] [Madame *staggers and*———grasps her chair *convulsively*. "Madame clasps her hands!" and afterwards *very naturally*———'*raises them to heaven!*'"] Rosenheim stamps furiously——— —*with his foot!!*" wonderful event—" then draws his chair and——— seats himself!!

To the analysis of the performance of this play, we come with great pleasure: both because the author's creation of imaginary personages, (unlike many of the ephemeral things of the stage) hath infused into them an essence, not too tenuous to undergo the chemistry of remark;—and because the uncommonly emulous attention and talent of the company in general, gave to these well-formed beings of fiction, a "local habitation and a name."—But this award of praise to the representation, is not intended to be universal; and amid a crowd of beauties, the errors of the scene should be the more severely reprehended. For the taste and assiduity, which have achieved extraordinary excellence, aggravate the enormity of negligent defect. With the same application of study and genius, *all* the principal characters might have been prominent, or at least, not obscure; and, though the author's ore be not equally rich throughout every vein of the play, it contains no spot or particle, which might not, with skill and attention, be polished to a face of discernible brightness.

Mr. CAULFIELD, as the *Prince of Altenburgh*, furnished, by strong and unequivocal demonstration of talent, both confirmation of his recent negligence, and hopes of his determined reform. *Thus* correct in his text, might he not *always* shine in representation? A public favourite he must ever be; but while indulgent to his peculiar felicity of speech, his faculty of stage extempore, we have, on some occasions, applauded with the million, and at the same moment exclaimed with regret,

"He gets *applause*,—we wish he'd get his *part!*"

We will not, however, tarnish his present merit by any ungenerous retrospect of his remissness In *Altenburgh*, he claimed our approbation; and with but one exception, which is habitual, he shall have our eulogy. In his narrative scene with the count of Rosenheim, he was impressively interesting. We forgot, at the instant, the ever returning *cant* of his voice at certain points of the sentence, when his imperfection devolves upon him the labor of invention. His two interviews, with Madame Clermont, were justly conceived, and vividly executed. The scene at her cottage, was the most finished part of his performance; and we should indulge ourselves with a greater liberality of praise, were we not checked by the recollection, that he preserved an obstinate uniformity of declamation, in his moments of pathos, and in his manners of polite life. He tells the Count—"*Your falconers are just tallying from the court yard*,"—with as much solemnity and feeling, as he described his seduction of Matilda, or the death of his child;—and in his elegant and truly courtly compliment to Orrila,—"*A-*

broad, I hunt poor *birds* into the toil,—*here*, the graces weave a net for *mortals*, and *I* tremble for *myself*;"—he abated no jot of the inflexible importance of his enunciation! The polished, fascinating air of the Prince was forgotten. This tautophony is Mr. C's. peculiar vice in speaking. We censure him not to attack his fame, but to expose an error of which we think he is *unconscious*. When *known*, he will correct it. But the buckram of the stage is not confined to its buskined heroes; for we have it on record, that many of its servitors have the same ridiculous affectation of conferring didactic grandeur on comic dialogue. During a rehearsal of the "Suspicious Husband," Mr. GARRICK exclaimed to a stage-attendant, "Pray, Mr. Wignell, why cannot you enter and say,—*Mr. Strickland, Sir, your coach is ready*; without all the declamatory pomp of Booth and Quin?"—"Upon my soul, Mr. Garrick (replied the actor) *I thought I had kept the* SENTIMENT *down as much as possible!!!*"—

Mr. Usher's *Count of Rosenheim* was the most defective character in the piece. Though the *father* be inexorable, the *nobleman* should be polished. Though he be deaf to the "propinquity of blood," he should not adopt a boisterous coarseness of deportment. We know not how he could so strangely misconceive his character. It is not his *general* fault; but, if such an example be an approved standard, we shall soon find that the stage

"Will a *like* language use to *all* degrees.
"And *mannerly* distinguishment leave out,
"Between the *prince* and *beggar*."

This truly original, blurting bluntness of Mr. U. imparted an unexpected merriment to some of his tragic scenes; and in the *denouement* of the play, when Orrila approaches him, fearfully shrinking under the apprehension of a father's displeasure,—"*Ah, Sir, spare your rebuke—humbly I come*"—he unpardonably depraved his author, and in open violation of his text, exclaimed,—"Yes, I *see* you are come,"—with all the grossness of broad comedy! —At this moment we forgot our candor for a man of talent,

"————cujus poterat *vox, actio, vultus*,
"Ex Heraclito reddere Democritum."

We do not mean that the *weeping philosopher* was to be portrayed on such an occasion of domestic reconcilement and gratulation; but surely the vulgar roar of farce was but a sorry compliment, and perhaps a sarcastic one, on the finished good breeding of the Count's elegant raptures!

Mr. Fox, in *Adrian*, performed with more than his usual spirit, and with less than his usual indiscrimination. In his scenes with his putative mother, filial affection and tenderness were touched and expressed in a strain of natural and unaffected pathos; yet in his interesting and eventful interview with "Orrila," in the 4th act, he seemed to have forgotten, "*how silver sweet are lovers' tongues*;"—and his tones, wild and unregulated, became, in one instance, too turbulent to express the ardor, or excite the sympathy of passion.—"Orrila, *I love you*—fondly, fiercely love you;—and if you wed another, I shall die."—In this passage, Mr. Fox ranted like Alexander at his triumphal feast, or Hercules in his poisoned shirt! Mr. F. should have remembered that this was Adrian's *first* declaration of affection to the long yet secretly adored object of his heart;—surely, then, the words—"Orilla, *I love you*,"—should have been uttered with that hesitating softness, that tenderness of expression, that combination of *feeling* and of *delicacy*, which the true passion of love, such as Adrian's undoubtedly was, never fails to inspire. His error did not extend to the other parts of the scene; and in his rencontre with *Altenburgh*, indignant under the impression of his mother's injuries, he threw a fire into the moment of discovery, which produced a sensation and effect.

The three principal female characters were sustained in a style of merit, almost unprecedented in any one play—But, as "We can't approve by *wholesale*, or condemn," they shall pass in respective review. And first of

Mrs. STANLEY, whose personation and performance of the lovely and elegant *Orila*, decidedly obtained for her the palm of excellence in an interesting and novel line of the drama. We do not recollect to have before witnessed the exertion of her talents in any character, which demanded at once the polished simplicity of *Amanthis*, and the impassioned tenderness of *Juliet*.

Orrila's rural dress was correctly pastoral, and adapted to Rosenheim valley, which is described as a modern Arcadia. Her second apparel, in which she receives her father, and his illustrious guest, was,

in fine character and taste, courtly without splendor. In her first scene with *Adrian*, she exhibited many alternations of sentiment and naivetè.—" I must hang the *chain* round your neck myself, Adrian;—now rise, my faithful knight;—you bear *my device* upon your buckler,"—was given with the most graceful conveyance of artless affection. There was no bosom, which was not sensibly touched at this passage:—" How is it, Adrian, that when *my* heart throbs with rapture, *yours* beats but coldly? Does it displease you, that I should feel rejoiced?"—Again:—" Don't you recollect, when we were both children, how often my father has set under the great chesnut tree, while we danced waltzes on the lawn before him?—*Don't you remember those times, Adrian?*"

In the second act, Count Rosenheim discloses to his daughter that the Prince destines her to become his wife. Throughout this whole scene, the performance of Mrs. S. displayed a most critical acquaintance with the character. All its features were distinctly marked from the first start of surprise at her father's disclosure, to the meek avowal of her reluctance to the Prince—her filial supplication,—her trembling suspicion of the detection of Adrian's attachment, and the agonizing despondence of frustrated hope.

In the fourth act, the truest comment we can make on her excellence, might be perused in the involuntary tribute of every feeling and cultivated heart. This scene was without *compeer* in the play.

Of Mrs. POWELL's *Madam Clermont*, we feel disposed to speak in terms of high panegyrick. Her *Matilda* was an effort that surprised and delighted us; and if we give a generous indulgence to her occasional impurities of speech, we are justified in affirming that her personation of the character was without any considerable blemish. At some moments, she gave peculiar interest and impression to her conception; and the features of her performance, started out into a bolder relief, than we have ever witnessed in any of her *former* efforts. Her voice too was exerted with a more audible power than usual, possessed a more equable modulation, and complained less of debility. We discard all critical austerity. Her scene of *eclaircissement* with the count and prince, was tenderly affecting, and in most passages correct.

We beg leave to suggest an alteration of tone to this lady, in the following expression in the last scene. " I cast his *hat and mantle* on the wave, but held the *infant* closely nestled to *my heart*." The period should be thus marked that Altenburg may immediately recover from his suspicions and distress. Mrs. P. will recollect, that the line was pronounced without any prominent emphasis. Her soliloquy, at the prince's departure, was uttered with *uncommon energy and discrimination.*

Mrs. Powell must correct one amiable error; her ambition should not be so humble, and she ought to rely with greater confidence on the strength of her own powers. Let her assume a more vivid, and *expressive* style of personation; and at once discard the servilely accommodating principle, that *female* performers, in compliance with a fashionable *mawkishness* of taste,

" Are *perfect* only deem'd, when they dispense,
" A *namby-pamby* VACANCY OF SENSE!"

Mrs. SHAW's *Githa* united the garrulity and vanity of this truly natural character, in a most striking and easy manner The applause was incessant. She kept alive the fuel of merriment, through the whole performance.

Mrs. USHER as *Lothaire*, performed in a manner highly to her credit. Her conception was correct, and her execution was playful, spirited, and graceful.

We should not omit the praise due to Mr. DICKENSON in *Michael*. He gave it with effect; not often degenerating into extravagance; but bold, forcible, and humorous.

THE MEDLEY.

" Jucundum nihil est, quod non reficit varietas."

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A modern writer, highly endowed, who is said to have had a constitutional antipathy againſt hearing people boast of their felicity, addressed a female, who had (in his opinion) erred in this respect, in

the following reprehensible words, before a large company :

" Madam, if you are really so perfectly happy as you describe, I can only say, that it may be ranked among the unaccountable phenomena of life ; for, in fact, you have less reason to be so than any person I ever knew ; you are without health, without beauty, without abilities, and without fortune."

Such a speech deserved a cane, had it been possible to have resisted the ponderous tones and predominating emphasis which accompanied every thing he said.

What a glorious reply the injured and insulted woman might have made, " Sir, I still adhere to what I have said, and bow down my heart with thankfulness to the Almighty for blessing me with content ; as to the defects of which you so civilly remind me, I have long, and for many reasons, ceased to lament them.

" I see, before me, a striking example of the inefficacy of the brightest gifts towards procuring tranquillity of mind ; I see a man eminently possessing the qualities *I feel that I want*, yet all has not taught him the tenderness of a Christian, the propriety and good manners of a gentleman.

" In spite of a strong mind and a highly cultivated intellect, you are notoriously and confessedly a man of a disturbed imagination ; and, if it were not imitating that rudeness, which I blame in you, I would call you a dog in the manger, snarling at and envying that happiness in others, which you cannot enjoy yourself."

It is curious to hear some men boast of philosophy and forbearance, who owe all their moderation to an exhausted purse and a debilitated constitution ; they forget that *he* only practices real self-denial who quits the couch of sensuality or the jovial board, before his health and his fortune are irrecoverably impaired.

Robert Dodsley was an ingenious writer, and successful bookseller, who, in the humble station of a domestic servant, conducted himself with exemplary propriety ; exciting the notice, and deserving the approbation of his superiors, he commenced business, and attained considerable wealth.

The world had been long misled by an opinion, which is not yet entirely removed, that talents and prudence are incompatible ; that it is not easy to be a wit without mortgaging our estates, and that a poet must necessarily be in debt, and live in a garret.

These positions, Dodsley conspicuously contradicted ; at the moment he was improving his fortune, he cultivated his understanding, and was a respectable writer without neglecting his shop.

Perhaps, after all that has been said and done on this subject by writers and engravers, the temperament, corporeal structure, and muscular fibre, are stronger indications of peculiar propensity than the mere features of the face ; a man of strong nerves will naturally indulge in excesses, for which a trembling valetudinarian has neither power nor inclination ; pleasures which the one enjoys with eagerness and relish, are to the other disease and death ; we are the creatures of circumstance and situation, which mould and govern us as they please, almost in spite of free agency or constitutional tendency.

AN AMATORY SONG,

ATTRIBUTED TO KING CHARLES THE SECOND.

I PASS all my hours in a shady old grove,
But I live not the day when I see not my love;
I survey ev'ry walk now my Phillis is gone,
And sigh when I think we were there all alone;
Oh then 'tis I think there's no hell
Like loving too well.

But each shade and each conscious bow'r when I find
Where I once have been happy, and she has been kind;
When I see the print left of her shape on the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again;
Oh then 'tis I think no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

While alone to my self I respect all her charms,
She I love may be lockt in another man's arms;
She may laugh at my cares, and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things she before said of me;
Oh then 'tis, Oh then that I think there's no hell,
Like loving too well.

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent passion, so kind without art;
I fear I have wrong'd her, and hope she may be,
So full of true love to be jealous of me;
And then 'tis I think that no joys are above
The pleasures of love.

DUKE DE ROQUELAURE.

One finds less union amongst women than men; because they have all the same object—that of *pleasing*. Contempt shewn to their charms is an offence never pardoned. It was one day told to the Duke de Roquelaure that two ladies of the court had quarrelled, and very much abused each other. "Have they called one another *ugly*?" asked the Duke. "No."—"Very well," answered he, "then I will undertake to reconcile them."

JOHN DUKE OF BEDFORD, REGENT OF FRANCE.

Louis XI. being advised to destroy the tomb of this illustrious prince, in the cathedral of Rouen, in Normandy,—"with whom," as Charles the eighth said, "was buried all the Englishman's good fortune in France—made this noble reply:—

"What honour shall it do to us, or to you, to break this monument, and pull out of the ground the bones of him dead, whom in his life-time, neither my father, nor your progenitors with all their power, were once able to make fly one foot backwards; who by his strength, policy, and wisdom, kept them all out of the principal dominions of the realm of France, and out of this noble Duchey of Normandy? where I say first, God save his soul, and let his body remain at rest; which, when it was alive, would have dismayed the proudest of us all. And as for his tomb, I assure you it is not so worthy or magnificent as his honours and actions deserved."

People engaged in argument are seldom struck by the reasons of their opponents. Two disputants may be compared to the two engineers on board a ship; they *fire* with all their might on opposite sides, but never *hit* each other.

A Story is in a *constant* state of *change*. Like water passing through a variety of strata, a story assumes something of a different flavour according to the temper of every relator. Different ingredients are mixed as it passes through every mouth, and the material of which it is originally composed, becomes at length imperceptible.

A person asked a friend how he, who lived at so little expense, was not rich; since he knew he had eight reals a day of income, and did not spend more than two? The friend answered, "Brother, I pay two; I lend two; I waste two; and I lose two. Those I pay are to my father and mother, who are poor. Those I lend, are to my son at Salamanca, who I trust, will pay me when I am old as I now pay my father. Those I waste, are for eating and drinking to my wife and myself. Those I lose are for dress to my wife.

The duchess of Kingston used to complain that she could never acquire any knowledge, because she never could meet with any body who could teach her any thing "in *two* words." Her Grace felt the same sort of impatience which was expressed by the tyrant who expected to find a *royal* road to geometry.

COCK FIGHTING.

The origin of this cruel and infamous sport, is said to be derived from the Athenians. When Themistocles was marching against the Persians, he by the way, espying two cocks fighting, caused his army to halt, and made the following speech to them. "Behold, *these* do not fight for their houshold gods, for the monuments of their ancestors, nor for glory, nor for liberty, nor for the safety of their children, but only because the one will not give way to the other."

This so encouraged the Grecians that they fought strenuously, and obtained a victory over the Persians; upon which cock fighting was, by a particular law, ordained to be annually practised at Athens

Dr. Hartley, in his exquisite work, Observations on Man, &c. recommends those persons who are hypochondrical from having nothing to do, to take up in a benevolent manner the concerns of others; to become interested about their welfare; and by sympathy to prevent the vacuity and the horrors of selfishness.

MISCELLANEOUS INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

In 1804 the total exports from Great Britain (as appears by official statements to the House of Commons) were:

	Real value
British produce and manufacture - - £.	40,349,64[illegible]
Of which nearly one fourth to the United States,	9,696,25[illegible]

This trade nearly doubled from the year 1800 to 1804.

The supply of bread and flour to the British West Indies from Great Britain, is limited by statute to 3,200 tons, or 32,200 barrels, of 200 lbs each: in the year 1803, the amount of flour supplied by the United States exclusively, were 431,504 barrels of flour and meal, when Great Britain did not supply any considerable quantity.

The United States supplied the English colonies, in the West Indies nearly 20,000,000, of Oak staves, in 1803;

And they imported from thence in the same year	4,198,1[illegible]
Gallons of Rum; while they produced	8,781,4[illegible]
Great Britain herself taking no more than	3,790,8[illegible]

	ships.	*tons.*
Number of American Ships in direct trade from the United States to Great Britian in 1801	6507	112,[illegible]
Number of British ships at the same period	2 14,3816	

It has lately been ascertained, that the first edition of Virgil was not printed at Venice in 1470, as asserted by Fabricius and De Bure, but at Rome, by Swegnheym and Pannartz. It is extremely scarce, and the only copy that was ever brought into England, is in the library of Earl Spencer. It contains the Eclogues and the Georgics, on 207 leaves of folio paper, with 32 lines on a page. The exact date of this edition cannot be decided, but it is supposed to have been printed between 1466 and 1469.

Professor Begtrup is publishing a Description of Jutland, embellished with maps and plates; the work will be a companion to those which he has already given of Zealand and Fionia. It is to be completed by a Description of the other provinces of Denmark.

On Monday morning, about 20 minutes past five o'clock, a meteor was seen in Manchester, in the form of an arrow, apparently about four feet in length, in a north-west direction; its altitude about a quarter of a mile from the earth; its duration about fifteen seconds in declination to the earth; the point fiery red; the shaft pale red: it illuminated the whole atmosphere.

Four private libraries, and three printing-offices, were burned to the ground at Copenhagen. A manuscript dictionary of the Iceland language, which they had commenced to print, at the expence of the University, is much regretted.

A new German translation of the New Testament has appeared at Brunswick; there are two editions, the one for Protestants, the other, with some additions taken from the Vulgate, for the Catholics. The Editors, two Benedictines, named Von Ess, are preparing a version of the Old Testament.

From the researches of Messrs. Piazzi, at Palermo, and Callendrelli at Rome, it appears, that several stars which they have examined, give a grand parallax of five seconds, particularly Lyra, which, next to Saius, is the most brilliant star in our hemisphere; from which it is evident that it is one of the least distant. If there be five seconds of simple parallax, the distance ought to be fourteen hundred thousand millions of leagues, which is five times less than has previously been supposed.

St. Petersburgh, Aug. 30.

In the course of the last month the value of foreign merchandize which arrived in this city, amounted to 2,690,206 rubles, of which the property of the Russian merchants was 1,829,733 rubles, of the English 547, 923, of the Swedish 9483, of the Portuguese 255,835, and of other nations 37,430 rubles. The amount of the foreign goods which have entered here since the beginning of the present year is 11,062,647 rubles.

There has been lately discovered in a field belonging to George Tennyson, Esq. in the parish of Tealby, in the County of Lincoln, a glazed earthen pot, of a coarse manufacture, containing about five thousand silver pennies of Henry I. or II., they are of various mints, and many of them are in very excellent preservation. The pot was broken by a plough striking upon it, it was deposited at one of the ends of a barrow or tumulus, of very considerable length, which promises to reward the labour of a thorough examination.

A statistical report of the present state of the Austrian Empire has lately been published, which states, that it contains 11,680 square miles, and a population of 23,500,000. The revenues amount to 104,000,000 guilders; the expenditure to 103,000,000, and the national debt to 12,00,000,000. The present establishment consists of 344,315 men.

In a late number of the *Peruvian Mercury*, published at Lima, it is asserted that in the space of 248 years Spain has derived from Peru alone the enormous sum of nine miliards of dollars. Her annual importation is still five millions.

POETRY.

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD

THE EAGLE AND THE COCK.

A FABLE.

The eagle stood, and gaz'd with eye
Unblench'd upon the sun:
The dunghill cock came strutting by,
And thus to crow begun—

"Thou noblest of the feather'd kind,
"O take a moment's rest,
"Lest by the dazzling orb you find
"Those daring eyes oppress."

The eagle turn'd—the cock he crow'd,
In chuckling triumph loud;
His gaudy plumage vainly show'd,
And with success grown proud.

"Now sleep," he cries, "while I attend,
"To watch your eyelids clos'd;
"And trust your *ever faithful friend*,
"To rouse you, when repos'd."

The trusting eagle sleeps,—meanwhile
The cock with sudden spring,
Advanc'd and pluck'd with eager guile,
A feather from his wing.

The wounded eagle wakes dismay'd,
Attempts again to soar;
Th' unbalanc'd wing in vain is spread—
He falls—to rise no more.

FOR THE EMERALD.

A WINTER WALK.

Where have ye fled ye blushing flowers,
Whom lately in my walks I met;
Rear'd by the "rosy bosom'd bowers,"
To form fair summer's coronet.

Your tints, your odours, with the air
Commingled, were most dear to me,
For freely your sweet gifts ye share,
And bless unseen like charity.

Alas, that rigid *winter's* hand,
Should tear your ornaments away,
And ye so short a space command
Between your beauty and decay!

E'en so thy flowers and pleasing bloom,
(How dear the time while they abide)
And then comes grief's obsequious gloom,
To end their little day of pride.

LAILA.

FOR THE EMERALD.

RESIGNATION.

Why rolls the storm in black array,
And pours upon the guiltless head;
Why doth the sun his mildest ray
On wealth and guilt profusely shed?

Why falls before the fervid noon
The tenderest, the fairest flowers,
And lift their pale heads to the moon,
And call in vain night's dewy showers?

The cup of life we all *must* drain,
And mingle there each varied ill;
Then let not erring man complain,
But meekly bow to Heaven's high will.

There is a place where their control,
(Daughters of grief and pale eyed care,)
Dispers'd to purify the soul,
Are past—they never enter there.

Thither full soon shall we depart;
Then why should grief's impassion'd sway
With keenest anguish wring the heart?
O, drive the harrowing fiend away.

Grief ever rages, knows no calm,
But rules a tyrant in the breast;
'Tis resignation gives the balm,
That calls the troubled soul to rest.

So flowers that smile within the vale,
Bend to the storm that rages by;
'Tis o'er—now breathes a milder gale,
They smile beneath a milder sky.

LAILA.

TO AN OCULIST.

*Re*pairer bright of *im*pair'd sight,
Best oculist in being;
With gentle touch, no longer couch,
What *patriot's* fond of *seeing?*

Whilst with their tricks state-empi-ricks
Are *blind* and *screen* contrivers;
What signifies an eye or eyes,
Our *seers* are but *connivers.*

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